The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe, I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Beſides, the Lotterie of my Deſtinie
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing.
But if my Father had not ſcanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvit, to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) then ſtood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That ſlew the *Sophy*, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*;
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart moſt daring on the earth,
Plucke the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe-Beare;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miſſe that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſedſt amongſt men. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the

Clowne. Certainly, my co
this Iewe my Maſter: the fi
ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet*
or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, uſe
way; my conſcience ſayes no
heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afor
not runne, ſcorne running wit
ous fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſa
for the heavens rouſe up a bra
well, my conſcience hanging
very wiſely to me: my hon
mans ſonne, or rather an hon
Father did ſomething ſmacke
of taſt; well, my conſcience ſa
the fiend, bouge not ſayes m
counſell well, fiend, ſay I, you
ſcience, I ſhould ſtay with th
the marke) is a kinde of devi
I ſhould be ruled by the fiend
devill himſelfe: certainly the
and in my conſcience, my co
nce, to offer to counſaile me
gives the more friendly coun
are at your commandement,

Enter old Go

Gobbo. Maſter young-ma
to maſter Iewes?
Launcelet. O heavens, this
ing more then ſand blinde, h
will try confuſions with him.
Gobbo. Maſter young Ge
to Maſter Iewes.
Launcelet Turne up on y
but at the next turning of all
turning turne of no hand, bu
houſe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH